

Puck

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PROFESSOR HADLEY WANTS IDEALS IN POLITICS—WHAT 'S THE MATTER WITH THESE?



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NOT IN THE NATURE OF THINGS.

YOUNG MR. ISAACS.—Yes; it vos true dot I 'm engagedt.

MR. COHENSTEIN.—I ain't surprised. It ain't to be expected dot a goot-looking man like you should always hat his moneysh in his own name.

HIS IMPRESSION CONFIRMED.

HE.—I s'pose dis t'ing over me eye don't improve me appearance.

HIS FRIEND.—Dat 's right! Say, you look tougher dan yer picture in de Rogues' Gallery!

UNTIL INDIVIDUALITY is enabled to assume the mantle of Greatness it can probably do as much to make a man unpopular as any other one quality.

IT IS not easy to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat; but it is occasionally attempted in official reports.



FROM THE MORNING BOOM BOOM.

The German government has at last announced its intention of following the *Boom Boom*'s policy of demanding the application of the open-door principle in those Chinese districts which have passed under the control of various European powers. This must be regarded as a great triumph for America's leading journal. It is expected that Russia will fall into line at once, as a marked copy of the *Boom Boom* was forwarded to the Czar last week.

It is now definitely stated that a certain member of the French cabinet, in using the expression "Great American Colossus" in a recent speech, had reference to the *Boom Boom*.

Congress adjourned early in the day yesterday. Owing to an accident to the mail train from New York the morning edition of the *Boom Boom* did not reach Washington until late in the afternoon.

It was reported last evening that the Sultan of Turkey had issued an order prohibiting the *Boom Boom* from circulating in Turkish territory. The *Boom Boom* will immediately seize the port of Smyrna and contiguous provinces until the order is revoked.

The rumor started by an envious contemporary that the *Boom Boom* is after a sphere of influence in China is unequivocally denied.



A TEST.

"I take it," said the man who had been reading about one of the fights in South Africa, "that this was a real, genuine British victory."

"What makes you so certain?" asked the other man.

"Why, the cable is still working. A British defeat falls on the cable with a dull, sickening thud and breaks it."

HAD A GOOD RIGHT.

THE GOBBLER.—My! You 're awfully proud!

THE PEACOCK.—Well, would n't you be if you ran as few chances of being killed as I do?

QUITE APPROPRIATE.

"They say the Boers imported great quantities of war material as agricultural implements."

"That 's all right;—implements for the use of farmers."

WHEN IT is all over, Kruger will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that it was n't a case of "came, saw and conquered."

THE LORD seems to be still with the strongest squadron rather than the nerviest press censor.

JOHN BULL is big and the Boers are good marksmen, but they won't find him an easy mark.



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PUCKOGRAPHS. — XXXVI.

A MAN WHOSE WORK IS ALL PLAY.



QUIESCENCE.

IF FAME should play a solo
on her trumpet
At dawn beneath some
people's window pane,
They'd get a move upon
themselves and hump it
To hang an ear out to
the glad refrain.

But when they found Fame henceforth
would require them
To don their laurels every day at dawn,
Unhesitatingly they'd surely fire them,
And, with their window closed and
barred, sleep on.

Wood Levette Wilson.

RUBBER.

"Suddenly he ceased gathering her in
his warm embrace.

"Are we observed?" he whispered,
fearsomely.

"There is the rubber-plant!" faltered
she, with a shudder, and went and hastily
drew the portières between them and the
conservatory.

ON THE ROAD.

"And what does the local critic say of
me?" asked the *Ghost*.

"Oh! he lets you down easy," replied
Hamlet. "He merely says that the *Ghost*
was n't true to life."

LIFE.

Man builds tall castles; storms sweep by
And blot their towers from the sky;
He digs deep cellars, bound to win,
But, as he triumphs, they cave in!

THE SEAL OF APPROVAL.

MRS. EASTMAN.—I suppose Wagner's
music is popular in the West?

MRS. PORKCHOPS.—Oh, yes! Wagner
has been endorsed by the first families of
Chicago!



AN INQUIRY.

DIANA.—I was out bird-shooting for three hours yesterday.

HER FRIEND.—Yes? Enemy's loss unknown, I suppose?

A RECORD HOLDER.

"I take it," said the tourist, "that this is a strictly agricultural
county."

"Yes, indeed!" replied the local statistician. "I figure that our
people have bought more gold bricks per capita than the people of any
other county in the State."

DID N'T INTEREST HIM.

FIRST SUBURBANITE.—Would you like to see a scientific definition
of malaria?

SECOND SUBURBANITE.—No, I would n't. I don't think
malaria can be adequately defined without profanity.

HIS REQUEST.

MAMA (*sternly*).—Now, Rodney, have you
anything to say before I whip you?

LITTLE RODNEY.—Yes 'm; I wish you 'd
gimme laughing-gas before you lay on the gad.

A FIXED VERDICT.

"What is a metropolis, Uncle Christo-
pher?"

"A metropolis is a town so impor-
tant that it does n't have to brag about
its importance."

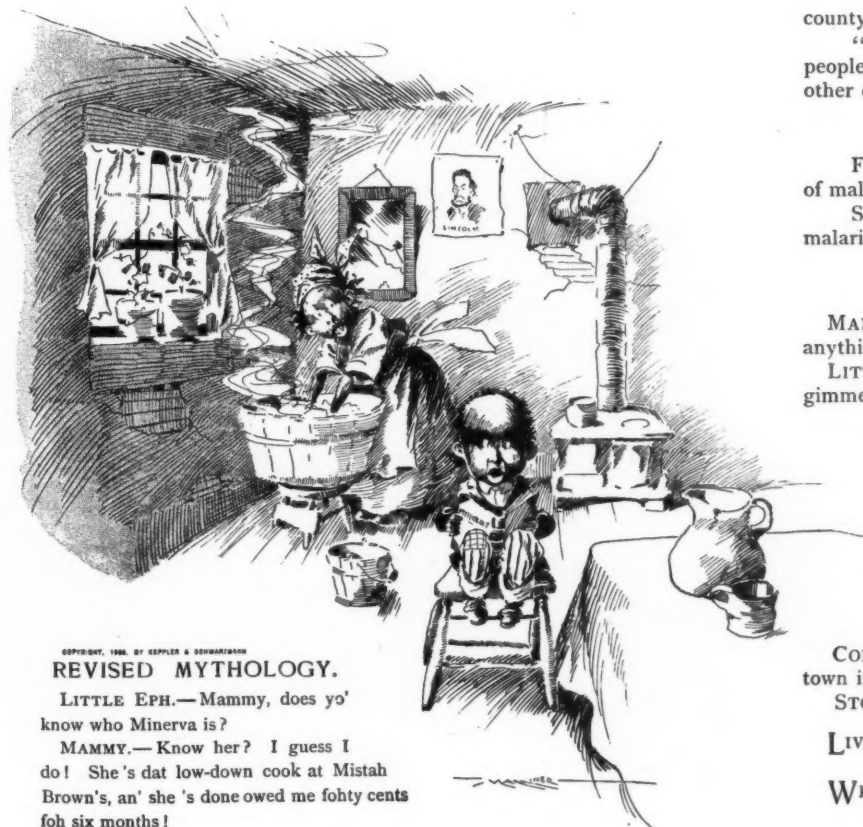
THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.

COBBLE.—I hear the water system in your
town is very bad. What do you do?

STONE.—Most of us have the jim-jams.

LIVING UP to one's ideals is pretty near as hard as paying one's debts.

WHEN FORTUNE happens to smile momentarily on some people they
apparently get the idea that she intends to do all the wooing.



REVISED MYTHOLOGY.

LITTLE EPH.—Mammy, does yo'
know who Minerva is?

MAMMY.—Know her? I guess I
do! She's dat low-down cook at Mistah
Brown's, an' she 's done owed me foity cents
foh six months!



"A DEVIL OF A FELLOW."

THE VIEWS OF VIOLA.
ON STOCKS AND THINGS.



"WISH," said Viola, petulantly, "I wish there were no such things as markets."
"I don't mean that sort of market," she continued; "I mean stock markets, Wall Street, and — and all that horrid stuff. You see, Papa has gone back to town, because something did something yesterday; he got a telegram; and Wilson and Mama and I had to pack his bag, and he went off on the seven-twenty this morning. Such a time! I don't pretend to understand about stocks and bears and puts and calls and — and bulls, and all those things; but I do know that it would be very much nicer if they did n't exist."

"Last Summer, at Lake George, Papa did nothing all day long but read the ticker thing, he and a lot of other old stupidities there. And if the market did n't just suit him he had the fidgets and did n't eat any lunch; and if it did suit him, he went and played whist with the other stupidities until two G. M. 'G. M.?' Oh! that's what Arthur says; it's one of his horrid slang expressions; he's terribly slangy, you know. And this Summer Papa has been really *quite* contented. There is n't a ticker thing within six miles, and he has told them at the office never to wire him unless he is needed in the city. And the result has been that everything has gone perfectly until yesterday."

"Now, I should think that if all the brokers and folks who have stocks and things would only get together and have a nice, long talk they could arrange it so that the stocks would behave themselves — at least during the Summer. I'm sure, if the stocks cut capers it's no one's fault but the broker people's! As it is now, if New York, Paris and London Railroad shares go down from 64⁷/₈ to 64⁶/₈, Papa goes scampering off to the city without any breakfast, and cook gets cross because she has to get up at half-past five, and Mama looks worried and says we shall have to be careful about the expenses this month, and Arthur is out of sorts because he meant to ask Papa for some money and did n't get a chance, and — and I'm cross because everything is all wrong!"

"Why don't the stock market people arrange that New York, Paris and London shares shall remain at 64⁷/₈ until they have had a chance to go away and get some rest and vacation? Why — why don't they just close up the stock market until, say, September? They could, could n't they? Of course!"

Viola positively beamed with delight at the magnificent ingenuity of the solution. She gazed thoughtfully at the ocean and silently elaborated her plan. Presently she nodded her head sagely at the waves and spoke:

"Yes; that is a very good idea. And I don't see why no one has thought of it. But it's just the way; the stupid men have to wait for some woman to suggest a — a remedy; and then they accept her idea and go on making fun of what they call woman's lack of business ability and her illogical mind! Why, if women ran the stock market do you suppose they'd have it doing stunts? — I mean have it misbehaving itself in Summer and making them go trotting up to town every few days? Indeed, they would n't! Imagine a woman giving up an afternoon tea, for which she had ordered a nice, new gown, in order to go to Wall Street



HIS OPINION.

LAWYER.—I think it was prudent to compromise the case. I never encourage litigation when it can be avoided.

CLIENT.—Well, any time you want to discourage litigation I guess you can do it by presentin' your bill.

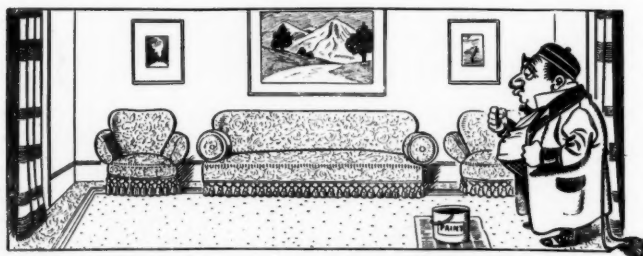
AND TROUBLE FOLLOWED.



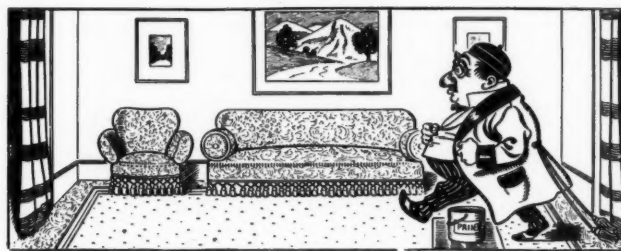
BRIDGET.—Goodness me! There goes the dure-bell. Oi 'll jist set this can av paint down on this newspaper 'till Oi come back.

and run a lot of paper ribbon through her fingers!

"If women had the management of the stock market they'd very soon arrange it so that it would not interfere with their teas and luncheons and things of that sort. And I'm sure the Stock Exchange would be a great deal more interesting and lively. What? You agree with me? I knew you would. I went there once with Papa; it was — oh! a long time ago, and I don't remember much about it; but it was dreadfully noisy and mixed up, and



II. MR. SCRAPPERS.—Good heavens! Just look at that paint sitting there! I might have walked into it!



III. "I'll find out who has been so careless!"



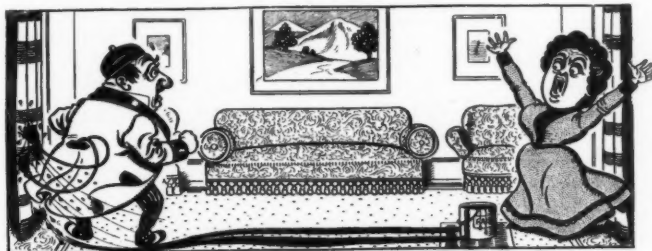
IV. "I would n't have this fine carpet ruined for anything!"



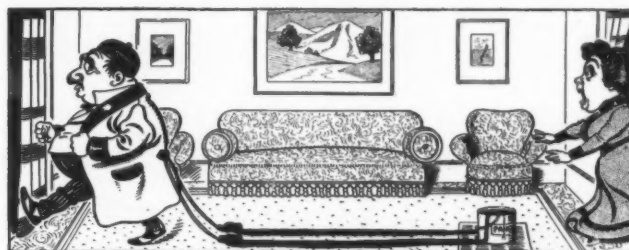
V. "Some people never look to see what they are doing!"



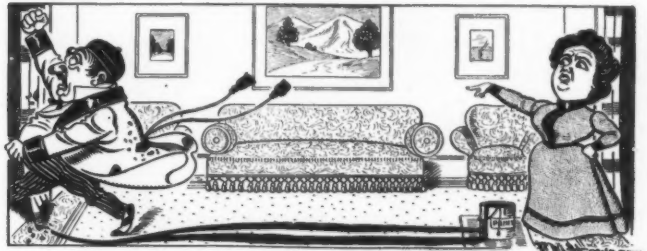
VI.
"I wonder where Mary is. I must speak to her about Bridget's carelessness!"



VIII.
MR. SCRAPPERS (turning suddenly).—Look at what?



VII.
MRS. SCRAPPERS (entering).—James! James! Look what you are doing!



IX.
MRS. SCRAPPERS.—No; it was n't Bridget's fault, at all. If you had n't been too lazy to walk around the can instead of over it the thing would n't have happened. Now, Mr. Lazybones, go draw a check for new carpets and wall paper and curtains!

everyone was trying to talk at the same time. Talk about women talking! I just wish you could have heard those men! Why, you could n't hear yourself think!

"And we would make it much brighter and jollier. We would have regular Stock Exchange costumes, something light and cheerful, you know. And on certain days we could have luncheons, could n't we? And afternoon teas? Why, it would be lovely! And then we would have it much more select than it is now. Papa says that most any man, if he is sufficiently wealthy and influential, can buy a seat in the Exchange. And that's so funny, too. You have to buy a seat; but when I was there there were n't more than a couple of dozen seats in sight! Do you suppose they have to sit on the floor? But perhaps they take the chairs away. I'm sure a great many of the men I saw there could n't have staid seated five minutes, they were so restless.

"If I was the President of that Exchange I'd have nice, easy rocking-chairs there. Don't you love rocking-chairs? And when 'X. Y. and Z.' was n't 'tumbling down a peg or two'—that's what Papa calls it, you know,—or the bears were n't bearing, or the bulls bulling, or the lambs lamb — no, bleating! — why, we could sit there comfortably and talk about things. And I'd have these horrid ticker things taken away; I'm sure they must be very bad for the nerves. And — and — Oh! I think we women could improve the Stock Exchange and the market very much; don't you?

"Speculate?" repeated Viola, dubiously. "Speculate?" Well, of course, we would n't know a great deal about that *at first*; but we

'd soon learn. Besides, I don't believe it is very difficult; there's that silly boy, Horace West; he speculates; he told me so; and once he lost

a thousand dollars! You just have to buy some stock which you know is going up, and you hold on to it until it does; and then you sell it and make a lot of money! 'How could we tell what stock was going up?' Why — we — would —"

Viola's brow became troubled for a brief moment; the frowns disappeared in a radiant smile.

"Why, you silly! we would n't have any other kind!"

Richard Stillman Powell.



SOMETHING LIKE IT.

"They turned the hose on that Popul st orator."

"Sho! Sort of a play on words, eh?"

CULTIVATION.

MISS BLUES - HAWKES (of Boston). — Chicago is such an uncultivated community.

MISS BRISKIT (of Chicago). — Go on! I'll bet Chicago's got more acres in Pingree potato patches than Boston's got, twice over!

THE USUAL WAY.

MRS. HOON. — I have just been reading an article which contends that when a person is afflicted with an incurable malady the doctors ought to help him to die.

MR. HOON. — They will, if they are only called in.

THE AVERAGE woman won't be content with the ballot; she'll have to have a voting-costume, also.

BEFORE THEY WENT.

HE (who does n't want to go). — It is a tiresome opera, anyhow!
SHE. — Just so! Follow my example, dear — don't listen to it!



WHERE GENIUS FAILED.

HAROLD.—That is Bessler, the famous inventor of the triple-expansion engine, the automatic-double-back-action-reversible-rapid-fire-gun, the compound-electro-hydro-heated-dynamo, the —

RUPERT.—But he looks distracted.

HAROLD.—Yes; he can't invent a plausible excuse to give his wife, and he das n't go home!

THE NEW ATLANTIS.

THE POETS sing of happy lands
Where Nature smiles through-
out the year,
Where Ceres comes with laden
hands
And Bacchus still prolongs his
cheer;
The Islands of the Blest are sought
To-day as in the olden time —
But not to these is turned my
thought —
I sing another, happier clime.

I sing a land where everything
Spells harmony and sweet content,
Where all that emperor or king
Could wish, at wish expressed is sent;
Where but a postal card 's required
To bring these treasures all to hand —
I sing, — O Muse! I hope, inspired —
The pleasant Advertising Land.

In Advertising Land the shoes
All fit the most ungainly feet,
The garters that the natives use
Can not drop off upon the street;
The hats and cloaks are dreams of taste,
The gloves are never known to rip,
The corsets give a perfect waist,
While hooks and eyes prevent a slip.

The food these happy people eat
Is lighter than the snowy flake,
Their buckwheat cakes are said to beat
The kind that Mother used to make;
Their coffee soothes to pleasant dreams,
Their flour rises of itself;
Their wine, that flows in bounteous streams,
Has stood two centuries on the shelf.

Of course, there 's nothing in this land
To bring on indigestion's qualms,
Yet still they always keep on hand
An endless list of pleasant balms;

Indeed, their medicines are such
The children feign that they are ill,
They love their castor oil so much
They simply can not get their fill.

The pictures of the maidens that
Inhabit Advertising Land,
Show pleasing plumpness, never fat —
For anti-fat they keep on hand —
Their charms are sung by scribe and bard,
They join economy with style —
I think I 'll mail a postal card:
"Please send me one of them on trial."

William Wallace Whitelock.

ESCAPE LIVING IN FLATS.

QUERICUS.—Let 's see; the married men all
have better halves, don't they?

CYNICUS.—Yes.

QUERICUS.—Then what do the
bachelors have?

CYNICUS.—Better quarters!

SIMPLY A WAGE EARNER.

HIS FRIEND.—I wonder if them
signs bring in much business.

THE ADVERTISING MEDIUM.
—Dat don't bodder me. I ain't
workin' on commission!



HIS AILMENT.

CUMSO.—I am told that Giddings went
through the hundred thousand dollars he
received from his father's estate in less than a year.

CAWKER.—Yes, he did. He contracted a violent case of nervous
prosperity.

THE SWEEPING remarks made by some political speakers only tend to
throw dust into the eyes of their audiences.



THE MORAL.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—When the bad children called the old man "bald-head" the
bears came out of the woods and ate them up! What does that teach us?

SCHOLAR.—To always climb a tree before calling names!



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AS TO IDEALS PRESIDENT HADLEY of Yale has detected the formation of the political Trust along with the commercial Trust. We glean from his paper read before the American Economic Association that he is sensible of certain evils inherent in both, but that he is not pessimistic about it. He is content, we infer, to allow each to attain its natural growth and to regulate them by moral influence; by the elevation of our ideals rather than by the imposition of statutory restraints. In the case of the political Trust, at least, he has named the only possible remedy. The most reckless of law-mongers would hardly essay a statute to dethrone the two Bosses of New York. It could n't be done. They are our highest ideals, as the plum-gathering Mr. Quay is the ideal of the State of Pennsylvania. We have n't learned to want anything better. If we ever achieve a longing to be else than the lucrative private business of Mr. Croker and Mr. Platt, our ideals will be differently bodied; but not before. These mark the present height of our aspiration in matters civic. It is a good thing to remember when reformers urge the need of ideals.

TRUSTS AND TRUSTS. A GOAT BEHOLDING his image for the first time in a mirror, that had been carelessly left out of doors, was much enraged thereby. He conceived the being he beheld to menace himself and the community; and, being a brute of conscience and action, he at once induced a collision that was meant to rid the world of so baneful a presence. Even our youngest readers need not be told the result. The labor Trust and the various farmers' Trusts are in like manner butting at their own reflections in much of the current Trust agitation. No anti-Trust law has been suggested that would not act upon all Trusts alike—if it could be made to act at all. That the labor Trust is realizing this may be inferred from the very sane utterances of many labor-leaders. President Gompers, for example, declared the other day, before the largest meeting of labor representatives ever held in this country, that "For our own part, we are convinced that the State is not capable of preventing the development or the natural concentration of industry. All the propositions to do so which have come under our observation would, beyond doubt, react with greater force and injury upon the working people of our country than upon the Trusts." It is time for the farmers to wake up to the same truth as applied to their own combinations and co-operative societies. A law that would reach Trusts dealing in steel, oil, or sugar would also reach the many farmers' combinations to raise the price of milk, fruit, cotton or vegetables. In other words, it is well to remember, if you are an octopus hunter, that the octopus is as apt as not to encase his tentacles in the blue overalls of labor; or to fringe his jaws with whiskers of the most pronounced agricultural type.

WOMAN'S WORK. THE FRIENDS of labor have long argued that wages have been lowered and the industrial balance disturbed by woman's competition in man's work. The starting point of these complainants is that woman has a heaven-appointed mission to do housework, and that her incursions into other fields are unnatural, blasphemous and subversive of good order. But woman has gone serenely on to prove that woman's heaven-appointed work is anything under the sun that she can do well, or, at least, better than man. And she has certainly come very near to supplanting man in several places that he had thought were his by divine right. But what shall be done? Woman can not be abolished. Reliable authorities assert that she can not even be repressed. Therefore, she must be reckoned with. And here we see that Nature may be trusted to manage these things. Woman crowding into man's sphere depopulates her own, and the unemployed male is forced to take the place she leaves. Chicago sent us a tale of this domestic revolution not long ago, presenting, as an evidence of good faith, the advertisement of a "neat, competent young man" for a place as "second girl." And Miss Amelia Barr, the novelist, now comes forward to cite the superiority of men over women as domestic servants. Thus we see that Nature is slowly working out the problem. We have encountered female

cooks who were evidently intended for book-keepers or clerks;—at least a just heaven never meant that they should be cooks; and we have known male stenographers who might have served the world much better as chambermaids or dishwashers. We suppose that women will eventually find out what they like to do best; and that men will do whatever remains to do, as they ever have done.

LOST REVENUE. AGAIN THERE is that vexed question of money paid for Senate seats. PUCK has long contended—although his contention has not had the warm support he could wish—that money paid for seats in the United States Senate should go into the Treasury; that it belongs by right to the people, and should be used for their benefit rather than by their legislative servants who attend to the mere detail work of bestowing the "gift." At this writing a Senate committee is trying to find out just what sums, if any, Senator Clark of Montana paid for the seat which he may or may not sit in. The evidence thus far suggests that, if he did pay anything, the sum was considerable, a hundred thousand dollars or so, and that it went to various citizens of Montana who are doubtless deserving in a general way, but who had no right to that precise stipend. We look forward to a time when these moneys will be rightly applied to the public debt, or some such matter. Who knows what relief the overburdened taxpayer might expect from those Western States where a Senate seat is regarded as an ornament? or from States like Ohio and Pennsylvania, where it is held to be more useful than ornamental?

AN OBSTACLE.

O'BRIEN (*the Fenian, in a stage-whisper*).—Are yez in favor av invadin' Canady?

CASEY.—Oi am that; but there's wan thing that's botherin' me.

O'BRIEN.—Phwat is it?

CASEY.—How the divil will we be able t' git our a-rms pasht th' constoom officials widout payin' dooty?

REHABILITATION.

"The public are tired of our Filipino sword-jugglers."

"Well, give them some diamonds to throw, and call them 'Boers.'"

CAPTURE BECOMING EASIER.

FIRST BOER.—Kimberly can't hold out much longer.

SECOND BOER.—Hardly! I would n't be a bit surprised to see the price on Cecil Rhodes's head marked down by the government to \$899.99!

BEFORE PUTTING his hand to the plough, Mr. Chamberlain should have reconnoitred.



NO SALE.

JIM JACKSON.—Want to buy a fine, speedy horse, Pahson? He's got a reputation, dat horse has; but he hain't got no record!

PARSON JOHNSON.—Not to-day, James! Yo's got a record, but yo' hain't got no reputation!

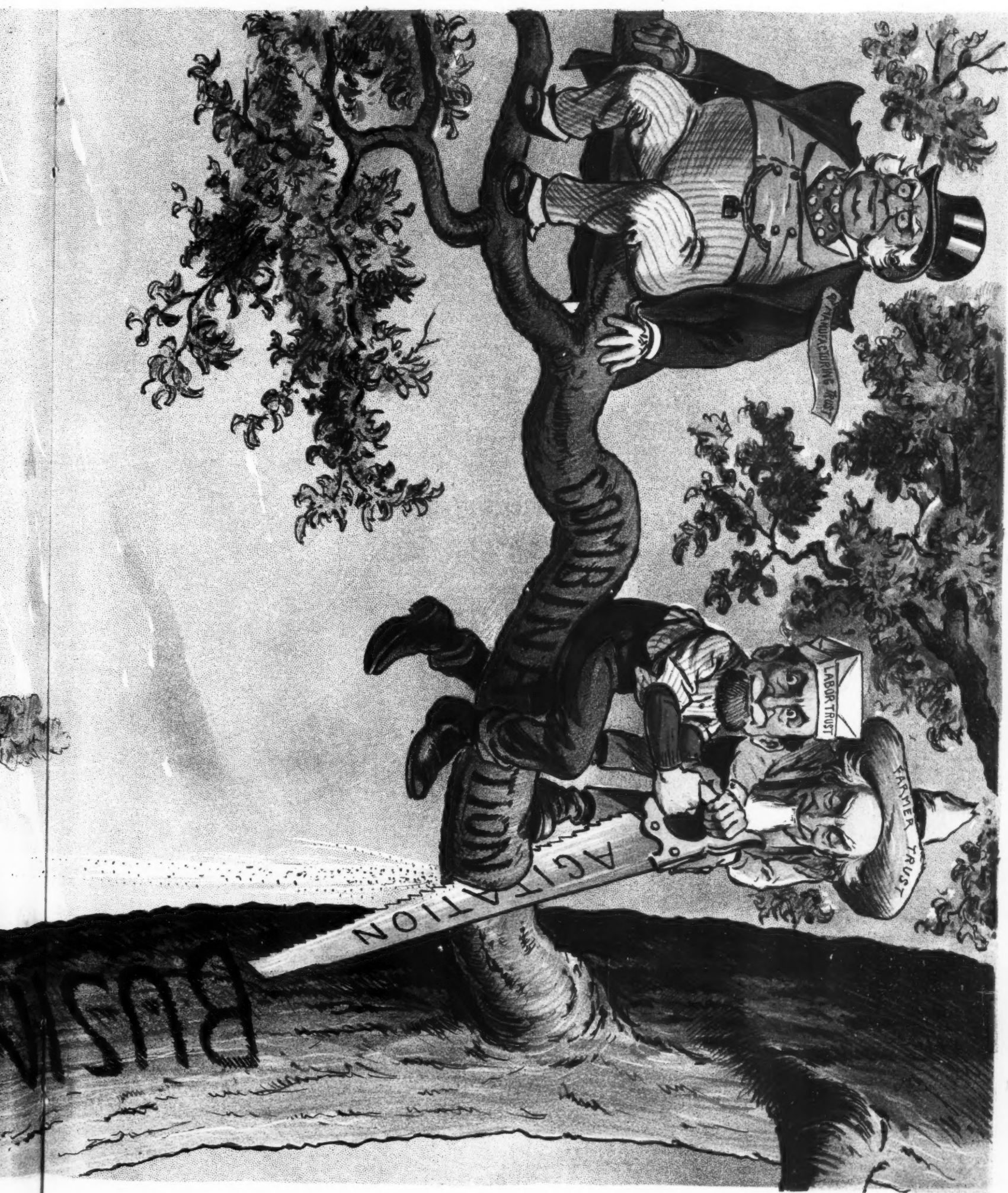


J. OTTMANN LITH CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THE "LOGICAL" CANDIDATE AND HIS LOGIC.

BRYAN.—Hurry up with the saw and give that fellow a fall!

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THE SITUATION.

THE MAN. — Well, I hope yer comfortable?

THE BOY. — N-No; not jest comfortable, — but we 're havin' a dandy time!

THE RURAL PREJUDICE.

“**N**OW, LOOKY HERE, Mr. Hooks!” carpingly ejaculated the manager of the Town Hall at Pettyville; “what in tunkett is your idee for advertisin’ that the *Uncle Tom* of your company goes on the stage at every performance dressed in golf clothes? I don’t mind seein’ the grand old historic drama chopped all to pieces by the introduction of *Marks* and his son and grandson in a three-brother song-and-dance, but riggin’ up *Uncle Tom* that way is nonsense — dratted nonsense! That ’s my opinion of it!”

“Nonsense? Not on your appetite!” replied the proprietor of the *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* aggregation which was to edify the Pettyvillains that night. “It’s the biggest kind of a hit with country audiences everywhere, to see the wearer of a golf-suit get kicked and cuffed and crippled and killed! They simply cheer themselves hoarse at every stand! Greatest hit on record, I tell you!”



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A SERIOUS OFFENCE.

PRISONER. — Yer Honor, dat lobster had de crust to arrest me fer violatin’ de excise-law!

TAMMANY JUDGE (sternly). — This is a serious offence! Officer, what have you to say to this charge against you? Are you guilty or not guilty?

HER EVERYDAY COAT.

CALLER. — I thought I noticed a new coat of arms on the door of your carriage, yesterday.

MRS. PARVENU (complacently). — Yes; it’s a quiet little thing I just got for my shopping coupe. I do so detest ostentation, you know. Of course, I have a much finer one for my brougham!

A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

“I thought,” said the literary aspirant, “of spending a portion of each day writing verse.”

“Oh! I would n’t,” said the editor. “Write verse only when you are absolutely sure that you have nothing else to do.”

HIS PHILOSOPHY.

McLUBBERTY. — Aftther ahl, ut ’s a profitable t’ing to be poor.

O’HOGGARTY. — How ’s thot?

McLUBBERTY. — Begorra, look at dhe money Oi’ve saved by not bein’ able to kape race-horses!

REVENGE IS SWEET.

DASHAWAY. — Hello! here comes Gilpin, that chronic bore; but this time I ’ll get even with him.

CLEVERTON. — What are you going to do?

DASHAWAY (moving off). — You entertain him, old man!

HIS VIEWS.

MAMA. — The animals have their own language. The cow, you know, says “moo,” and the duck says “quack.”

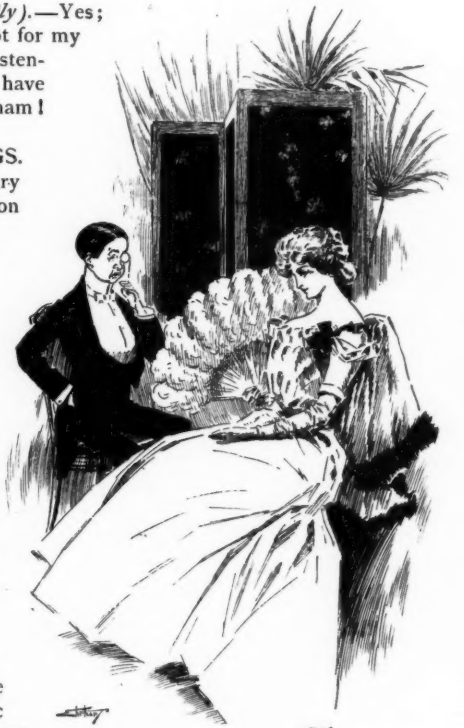
JOHNNY. — Well, I would n’t say anything if I could n’t talk better than that.

AS TO A CLIENT.

“He is the most obstinate man I ever saw,” said the first lawyer.

“Yes?” said his friend.

“Yes; he hates to take advice even when he pays for it.”



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STUPID.

JACK SLOWBOY (about to propose). — Miss Ethel, I know I am unworthy of you —

SHE (who has been receiving his attentions nearly three years). — Don’t you think you ’ve been a long time finding it out?

A PAGE FROM MRS. NEWED'S CASH ACCOUNT.

CASH.		DR.	CASH.	CR.
Jan. 14	Received from George	50 00	Jan. 15	Spent it all



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NOT BUILT THAT WAY.

CONDUCTOR.—Say, lady, that 's against the rules! You 'll have to carry that dog in your lap!

THE STATUS.

SHE.—Just look at Mr. and Mrs. Young! Their honeymoon is evidently over.

HE.—Yes. I suppose matrimony has resolved itself into a search for a *modus vivendi*.

THE LABOR QUESTION IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

"Strike!" shouted Marco Bozzaris, at midnight, in the forest shades; "strike for your altars and your fires! strike for the green graves of your sires! strike for your native land!"

"H'mph!" sneered a cynical Greek; "if a man would listen to these agitators they would keep him striking all the time!"

[T WOULD be a good deal easier to love our neighbor if his hobby were not chickens and ours were not flower-beds.



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HIS SCHEME.

FRIEND.—What are you working at, Professor?

CHEMIST.—I 'm trying to devise a method of preventing milk from mixing with water. Then I 'll organize the "Bighed Waterproof Milk Company" and my fortune will be made.

PICKINGS FROM THE INTELLECT OF LITTLE PLATO SMITH.

The Widow Higgins smokes. Is tobacco one of what folks calls widow's weeds?

"Good men is scarce," says Pa; "me and Mister Bings had to pay for the preacher's half-cord of wood a-l-l a-l-o-n-e."

I read in a newspaper the other day that progress is continual reachin' out. My teacher 's an awful progresser.

Ma don't like the way the Youngs fuss about their baby, Benny; but she 's too smooth to say so. She 's just simply named our pup after him and goes right on smilin'.

Once when I ast Pa what was the difference between a tornado and a cyclone, he said, kind of sour-like, that a cyclone was a boy, and a tornado was a boy and a pup—like our'n. A feller can't learn much from Pa.

Our minister confided to Ma the other evenin', when he was up to tea, that he was 'fraid he 'd have to give up 'ficiatin' at weddin's for awhile. He 'd just about got to a point, he said, where the sight of chicken-salad turned his stummick.

I ast Pa the other day what was unjust discrimination, and he said 't was the roast the Bible gives wine when it 's red. He said other colors was just as good, and it was n't a fair shake.

David Henry.



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UNCERTAINTY AND CERTAINTY.

WEARY.—Madam, I don't know where my next meal is coming from—

MRS. NITTE.—Well, I know where it *is* n't coming from!

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Holds the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not
confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with
one of a similar sounding name of a cheap
grade.

Our name spells—

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Beeman's

The
Original

Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.



which unlocks the best oppor-
tunities in the Business World
is the skilled use of the

Remington Typewriter

because the chief demand is al-
ways for Remington operators.

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MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA.

Forty-six Days' Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad personally-con-
ducted tour to Mexico and California which
leaves New York and Philadelphia on February
12 (Pittsburg February 13) by special Pullman
train, covers a large and intensely interesting
portion of North America. Mexico, California
and Colorado are a mighty trio in all that ap-
peals to and fascinates the tourist.

Stops will be made at San Antonio, Tampico,
Guanajuata, Guadalajara, Queretaro, City of
Mexico (five days), Cuernavaca, Aguascalientes,
Los Angeles, San Diego, Riverside, Pasadena,
Santa Barbara, San Jose (Mt. Hamilton),
Del Monte, San Francisco (five days), Salt
Lake City, Colorado Springs, Denver, Chicago,
and other points of interest. Fourteen days
will be spent in Mexico, and nineteen in Cali-
fornia.

The "Mexico and California Special," an
exclusively Pullman train of Parlor-Smoking,
Dining, Drawing-room Sleeping, and Observa-
tion cars, will be used over the entire route.

Round-trip rate, including all necessary ex-
penses during entire trip, \$550 from all points on
the Pennsylvania Railroad System east of Pitts-
burg; \$545 from Pittsburg. For itinerary and
full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist
Agent, 1195 Broadway, New York; 4 Court
Street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark,
N. J.; B. Courlaender, Jr., Passenger Agent
Baltimore District, Baltimore, Md.; Colin
Studds, Passenger Agent Southeastern Dis-
trict, Washington, D. C.; Thos. E. Watt,
Passenger Agent Western District, Pittsburg,
Pa.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant Gen-
eral Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station,
Philadelphia.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10
to 20 days. No pay till cured.
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Dept. 1, L. Lebanon, Ohio.

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That's All!

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SHAVING SOAP

HOTEL MANHATTAN, New York.

"Your Barber's Shaving Soap is the Best I have ever used
in my forty-two year's experience in the tonsorial business."

J. HYSLER.



EVIDENTLY MISQUOTED.

CASEY.—The Lord said, "If your enemy smite thee upon the left cheek
turn to him the right cheek, also."

COSTIGAN—Oi don't belave ut! That sounds more loike a Jew than an
Irishman!

Health-wise people always take the one tonic—
Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At grocers
or druggists. One bottle will prove its worth.

Cool's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne has, by
reason of its purity and unrivaled bouquet, achieved
a world-wide reputation.

IT HAD BECOME A
HABIT.

"Why does Jim
Todgers affect that
funereal style of walk-
ing?"

"He can't help it.
He's been an usher at
so many weddings."—
Cleve. Plain Dealer.

SOME men can see
nothing attractive in
this world without the
aid of a mirror.—Star
of Hope.

THE "BENEDICT."



WILL force the button-hole open
as standing astride

Soon as you turn against it the button-

neck where wide,

And out jumps the button, fresh

and bold,

As were it coming from its mould.

BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers,

Broadway and Cortlandt St., New York.

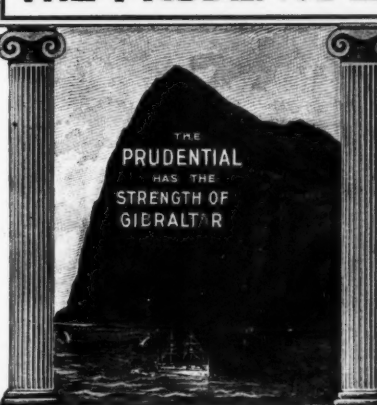
HIS SUSPICION.

"It is said that you
have been trying to
purchase support in
your enemy's own
district."

"Don't you believe
it," said Senator
Sorghum. "It's a
ruse to bull the vote
market."—Wash. Star.

THERE can never
be a fat life on a lean
soul.—Ram's Horn.

THE PRUDENTIAL



Business Sense

discourages a man's taking
chances when he can easily
assure the end desired.

No good business man
takes chances with his houses
and barns; he insures them
so that in the event of loss he
may not suffer.

You should make such ar-
rangements that in the event
of your death your family
will not suffer financially.
This is what Life Insurance
accomplishes.

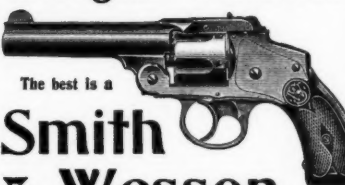
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Revolver. Catalogue for a Stamp.

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Send \$1.25, \$2.40, or \$3.50
for a superb box of candy
by express, prepaid east of
Denver or west of New York.
Suitable for presents. Sample
orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

FLORIDA.

Two Weeks' Tour via Pennsyl- vania Railroad.

The first Pennsylvania Railroad tour of the
season to Jacksonville, allowing two weeks in
Florida, will leave New York and Philadelphia
February 6.

Excursion tickets, including railway transpor-
tation, Pullman accommodations (one berth),
and meals en route in both directions while
traveling on the special train, will be sold at the
following rates: New York, \$50.00; Phila-
delphia, Harrisburg, Baltimore and Washing-
ton \$48.00; Pittsburg, \$53.00, and at propor-
tionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries and other information
apply to ticket agents, Tourist Agent at 1195
Broadway, New York; 4 Court Street, Brooklyn;
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Jr., Passenger Agent Baltimore District,
Baltimore, Md.; Colin Studds, Passenger Agent
Southeastern District, Washington, D. C.;
Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western
District, Pittsburg, Pa.; or to Geo. W. Boyd,
Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad
Street Station, Philadelphia.

"Begins Right, Ends Right, is Right in the Middle." — NEW YORK CENTRAL.

THE SUBURBANITE AND HIS FURNACE.



"WILL ADMIT," candidly acknowledged Mr. Isolate, of the suburb of beautiful Lonelyville, to a friend, as he settled himself in his seat in the evening train the other night, preparatory to reading the "Household Hints" column on the Ladies' Page of his newspaper; "I will admit that when Amabel and I had just moved out to lovely Lonelyville, and I was a green city man, I had some little difficulty in managing our furnace, and the task was rather distasteful to me; but now that I have thoroughly mastered its idiosyncrasies I find it a pleasant relaxation after a hard day's work in the busy city, to come out to my peaceful, quiet home and spend half or three-quarters of an hour in the cellar with my furnace, before dinner."

"I am amused when I look back and think of the time when Amabel and I were so ignorant of the simple manipulation of our different registers that when the wind happened to be in the northwest we could n't induce any heat to come through the dining-room register, and had to put two card-tables together in the parlor and take our meals in there, with the piano for a sideboard; and when the breeze was from the south, the parlor and dining-room were so cold we were forced to dine in the library, while, when it came from the west, the only room upstairs warm enough to sleep in was the bathroom; and closing all the other registers in the house but the one we wished to make work, or piling on coal, did n't make the least particle of difference. But we soon learned that one had only to use a little ingenuity."

"When the breeze blows from the northwest it is only necessary for us to close the sliding-doors of the parlor, stuff a few newspapers up the chimney of the library grate and half open the register in the front bedroom upstairs, to bring the heat pouring out of the dining-room register and make the room fairly comfortable. The parlor register can be made to work like a charm, even if the wind is from the south, by simply closing the register three-quarters, half-shutting the one in the bathroom and fastening the swinging door of the butler's pantry open with a string; and so on all through the house."

"Of course, it is a trifle embarrassing when one has city friends visiting one, to have to excuse oneself in the midst of conversation to go around the house and do those things when the wind happens to change. This is especially annoying in the early Spring, when the breezes are unusually variable, and the city people are sure to notice one and make invidious comments which they consider excruciatingly funny, but which are not in the least humorous. I don't at all mind having to get up out of bed once or twice during the night and go about the house stopping up chimneys and manipulating the downstairs registers, in order to make our bedroom register work; as I am never sure but that we may have forgotten something on locking up for the night, and that I may find some window or blind unlatched, or one of the bolts or the chain on the front-door unfastened, inviting burglary, or that the kitchen-stove needs coal."

Con. C. Converse.

DECIDEDLY.

"The Boers, I understand, are members of the Dutch Reformed Church."

"Yes. It would be much more convenient for John Bull if they were Quakers."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

"The President says he feels sure that Congress will take some wise and judicious action in regard to the Trusts."

"Well, if he does, he's in a hopeless minority."

ALTHOUGH THE British, no doubt, still remember Majuba, they are not doing it so vociferously as heretofore.



DESCRIBED.

MRS. HARDACRE.—What is that she does with the money you paid her, Josiah?

MR. HARDACRE.—That 'ere must be that "suspended payment," we read about!

Social Needs.

Whatever questions of Social Needs may exist, and however much we may rack our brains to discover satisfactory solutions of them, there is at least one—and certainly not the least important—province, in which the solution has been found. For is not the question "What is our best daily beverage?" of importance to all classes of society? And is any other answer to that question possible, from disinterested persons, than Van Houten's Cocoa? It is more wholesome than any other drink, it is nourishing and easy to digest; refreshing, without acting injuriously on the nervous system, in the way that Tea, Coffee, and other drinks do; and its delicious flavor in no way falls on the taste after continually using the cocoa. As regards its price, it is, as thousands can testify from practical experience, not at all dear to use.

What a pity all social questions cannot be answered as easily as the above one; but their answers require a great deal of thinking about. Those who are busy thinking about them, cannot do better than take a cup of Van Houten's Cocoa daily, as for helping the brain-worker it is without equal.

BE SURE YOU TRY
VAN HOUTEN'S Eating CHOCOLATE.

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DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY



These Jugs are handsome specimens of the famous English Doulton Ware, and make a very attractive addition to the sideboard. They contain Dewar's Special Old Scotch Whisky, remarkable for Aroma, Purity, and the Mellowness which age alone can give, distilled from the finest malted Barley procurable. Send for Catalogue No. 7. Money returned if goods not satisfactory.



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Express Prepaid.

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SPHINX JUG, \$2.00.
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BEECHAM'S PILLS

when suffering from any bad
condition of the Stomach
or Liver.

10 cents and 25 cents, at drug stores.

For Athletes & Everybody.
JOHANN HOFF'S
MALT EXTRACT.
Gives Health and Strength.

Nestor Cigarettes

"The richness
of mildness"

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WASHINGTON AND SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED
Magnificent Through Vestibule Train, with Dining-Cars,
NEW YORK TO NEW ORLEANS.

Leaves New York daily at 4:20 P. M.
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Via SOUTHERN RY., A. W. P. R. R., W. OF A. R. R., AND L. & N. R. R.
SPECIAL "SUNSET LIMITED" ANNEX CAR.
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Trustable



When you ask for

Hunter Baltimore Rye

You may be sure to
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**A Pure Whiskey
Old, Smooth, Mellow**

Sold at all First-Class Cafés and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

VAN BIBBER Little Cigars

after breakfast—on the open cars—at the
office—after lunch—to give to "friends"
—on the ferry—on the train, and every-
where and always—where a short smoke
is desired and a long smoke is impossible.
They are economical—as there is no waste.
They are satisfactory—as they are made of
the very best imported whole leaf tobacco
and never vary in quality. They are little
cigars for little smokes!

At all dealers—10 for 25 cents

or send 25 cents (in postage stamps) and a
special pocket pouch containing 10 will be
sent, prepaid, by return mail anywhere.

A Solid Silver curved box worth \$15.00 made to
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Write for fac-simile booklet of all particulars.

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Satisfy those who enjoy whole-
some, delicious, well seasoned
food. Made from the choicest
meat stock that money can buy,
in Libby's famous hygienic
kitchens. Enough in each can
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10c. at your grocers.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY,
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Booklet "How to Make Good Things to Eat" free



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IN REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

THE CAPTAIN.—How can they tell whether the prisoner is a war corre-
spondent or a British spy?

THE CONTINENTAL.—Nay, Captain, he is but a war correspondent.
There is naught in his papers but explanations why his side was whipped!

HIS EDUCATION.



Ebenezer Adoniram is our only son, you see,

And we've allers kalkerlated that a parson he should be;
And his Ma was sure and sartin that he'd grow up great and grand,
And be 'bout the biggest hop-toad in the pond, yer understand.
So we sent him off ter college, where we thought he'd larn ter speak
All the antiquated lingos plumb from Hottentot ter Greek;
And we dreamed of, some day, settin' in a pew so stiff and proud,
While the Reverend Ebenezer, he jest hypnertized the crowd.

But the letters that he sent us did n't have a l'arned twang.

And there wan't no Greek words in 'em, but there was a pile of slang
And a heap 'bout "punts" and "tackles," "runs" and "downs," and sich like rot,
Which his Ma thought might be Latin, but which I allowed was not.
Till I see jest what was wantin', and says I: "This 'ere's my view—
That there boy needs regerlatin' and I've got ter do it, too.
I know jest the kind er physic that'll help him out a pile.
It's an outward application of what some folks calls "strap ile."

So I packed my carpet-satchel and I started up ter town,
And I took along a cowhide fer ter do the dressin' down;
But when I got ter the college, why, a feller said that he
Was down yonder playin' foot-ball, so I thought I'd go and see.
Say! I hardly recognized him, he had growed so big and stout,
And his head was like a door-mat with the hair a-stickin' out;
And he bellers, "Hello, Pater!" in jest reg'lar thunder tones,
And he grabbed my hand and squeezed it till I thought he'd mashed the bones.

Oh! that game! Great gosh all scissors! Say! I thought they'd all be dead;
Why, when one would git hove endways then they'd all jump on his head!
But at pullin' or at thumpin' or at goug'n, I'll be shot
If the Reverend Ebenezer wan't the bully of the lot!
And I watched his victims flyin' as he chucked 'em left and right,
And I took that pesky cowhide and I hove it out er sight;
Fer a man that finds he's daddy of a human cannon-ball
Does n't try ter thrash his offspring, if he's sensible at all.

And that boy shan't be a parson and be wasted, nosir-ee!
When he's finished up his schoolin' he must run this farm fer me;
And the tramps that steal his chickens 'll be fitted fer the hearse,
And the peddlers that gits sassy will be squashed, or somethin' worse;
And I'll watch from the piazza with a bland and happy smile
While he kills a gold-brick dealer in the latest foot-ball style.
Oh! I can't help feelin' sartin, as I view these comin' joys,
That a college edication is the thing fer farmers' boys.

Joe Lincoln.

IN SULU.

"I hardly think," said his confidential man, "that the people of the United
States are sufficiently interested to make you a campaign issue."

"Perhaps not," said the Sultan. "Still, I expect to be mentioned in the
Democratic platform."

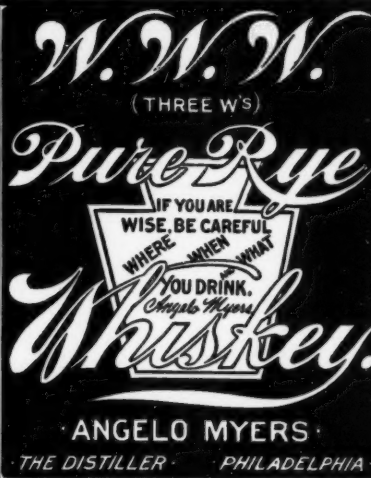
IN PRETORIA.

"My dear," said Oom Paul, after a visit to the prisoners, "this reminds
me of the Queen's Jubilee."

"How?" said Mrs. K.

"Why, we have samples of nearly every sort of troops in the British army."

—WISDOM—



**STRENGTHENS
SYSTEM
BODY
BRAIN
and NERVES.**

**VIN
MARIANI**

(MARIANI WINE)

No other preparation has ever received so many
voluntary testimonials from eminent people as the
world-famous Mariani Wine.

**Gives Appetite,
Produces Refreshing Sleep,
A Safeguard Against Mental
Diseases.**

For overworked men, delicate women, sickly chil-
dren this healthful, invigorating and stimulating
tonic has no equal.

Dose.—A small wine-glass full three times a day.
Sold by all druggists. Refuse Substitutes.
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handsome book of endorsements of Emperors,
Empress, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops and other
distinguished personages. It is sent gratis and post-
paid to all who write for it.



Coe's Eczema Cure \$1 at drug stores. The world's
surest cure for all skin
diseases. Samples Free by mail. Coe Chem. Co., Cleveland, O.

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Thirty - One Days' Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has
arranged for a special personally-conducted
tour through California, to leave New York
and Philadelphia on February 27, by special
Pullman drawing-room sleeping car and con-
necting at El Paso with the "Mexico and
California Special," composed exclusively of
Pullman parlor-smoking, dining, drawing-
room sleeping, compartment, and observation
cars, for tour through California, returning by
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Agent Baltimore District, Baltimore, Md.;
Colin Studds, Passenger Agent, Southeastern
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Passenger Agent Western District, Pittsburg,
Pa.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant
General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

Turn it
Upside Down
Drink it all
There are no dregs

Evans' Ale

Turning the bottle upside down over the glass is a good, comfortable thing to do. In every bottle of Evans you get two glasses full to the brim, and the last drop as brilliant, clear and sparkling as the first.

Evans is the only ale free from dregs and sediment.



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The Nineteenth Century has been correctly termed the most important in scientific advancement and mental development, but no new discovery in any line is at this time attracting such widespread attention as Prof. Weltmer's Method of Magnetic Healing. In fact, the phenomenal cures made by him during the past two years have been so remarkably astounding and wonderful as to demand the attention of scientific and medical men all over the world. His method of treatment banishes disease as if by magic. Not only does this remarkable man cure hundreds in his infirmary, but he possesses the ability to cure at a distance, and all cures made by this method are equally permanent. T. T. Rodes, Paris, Mo., Prosecuting Attorney of Monroe County, suffered for years from Sciatic Rheumatism; tried everything without benefit, was instantly cured through Prof. Weltmer's Absent Treatment. Mrs. C. R. Graham, Boise City, Iowa, afflicted with rheumatism nine years, cured through Weltmerism. Mrs. D. H. Allen, Aurora Springs, Mo., suffered from consumption in its worst form; fully restored by Prof. Weltmer's Absent Treatment. D. E. Alford, Rubens, Jewell Co., Kans., cured of kidney and stomach troubles by Prof. Weltmer's Absent Treatment. Send for a copy of the Magnetic Journal, a 40-page illustrated magazine, giving a long list of the most astounding cures ever performed. It is sent free. **TEACHES HIS ART TO OTHERS** Prof. Weltmer teaches his wonderful art to others, and it is the grandest and best paying profession of the age. Many of his students are making \$10 to \$50 per day. Taught by mail or personal instructions. Full instructions sent free to those writing to Prof. J. H. Kelly, Sec'y, Nevada, Mo.



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Oil Cloths and Linoleums.

Oriental Rugs. Upholstery.

Tapestry, Damask and Armure Wall Coverings.

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THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol,
Opium,
Tobacco
Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes:

Address THE KEELEY INSTITUTE at either Hot Springs, Ark. San Francisco, Cal. 1170 Market St. West Haven, Conn.

Detailed information of this treatment, and proofs of its success, sent free upon application to any of the following institutions:
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Minneapolis, Minn. Cor. 10th St. & Park Ave. St. Louis, Mo. 2803 Locust St. North Conway, N. H. Newark, N. J. 60 East Park St.

Buffalo, N. Y. 328 Niagara St. White Plains, N. Y. Greensboro, N. C. Columbus, Ohio. 90 N. 4th St.

Harrisburg, Pa. Russ Mansion, opp. Capitol. Philadelphia, Pa. 812 N. Broad St.

Pittsburg, Pa. 424 Fifth Ave. Providence, R. I. Richmond, Va. 1012 E. Marshall St. Waukesha, Wis.

Address the Institute nearest you.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS -MADE AT KEY-WEST-

These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for Booklet and Samples.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

"I rode across to Kittery this morning."

NATIVE.—Whose boat did ye have?
"Boat? Nobody's boat. I rode—on horseback."

NATIVE.—Sho! Why did n't ye say ye rid?—*Harvard Lampoon.*

AN ORIGINAL DISCOVERY.

PROFESSOR.—Now, Mr. Doolittle, what have you learned about your topic—the diamond?

MR. DOOLITTLE.—That all women believe it harmonizes exactly with their complexions.

—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.



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TAKING IT AGAINST HIS JUDGMENT.

"Don't you think you'd better have something?"

"No, I can't say as I do. But I'll have it though!"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WORRY.

DOCTOR.—I can't understand why your wife should worry about her jewelry. She has more pearls and diamonds than any other woman I know.

MR. RICHMAN.—She's constantly afraid she'll hear of another woman who has as many.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Are You a Cog?

If you are a workman or a clerk, and feel that you are like a cog in a wheel, going always but making no progress, write and learn how to prepare yourself for a really desirable position.

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New York Sun Says Editorially, Dec. 12th, 1899.

**** Since undue alcoholic stimulation affects first the judgment, weakening it seriously, it is known to be responsible for a great part of the business failures. The really notable financiers of Wall Street do not belong to the "cocktail brigade," clearness of head and soundness of judgment being too indispensable to them. Only the small fry depend on "whiskey courage." **** Drunkenness has become disreputable, or is pitted as the manifestation of a deplorable disease. In all callings in life, from the highest to the lowest, sobriety is more and more at a premium and intemperance is more and more distrusted. The temperance agitation which has been most effectual, therefore, has been SCIENTIFIC rather than purely moral and religious. For the old-fashioned "temperance pledge" of the days of Gouven, the specific medical treatment of dipsomania as a disease has been substituted, and men are temperate from intelligent regard for the preservation of their sanity. **** Wall Street is filled with the stock and bonds of vast consolidated industrial enterprises which can only be maintained prosperously by the continuance in their management of a succession of peculiar administrative talents. **** At this time, therefore, men have found out that they cannot drink to excess if they are to hold their own. Science and invention have opened up and are steadily extending fields of labor wherein the keenest intelligence in the mechanic is requisite, so that he cannot afford to fuddle his head with drink; he must be a man who can always be depended on or he will be driven out. Never before was suspicion of intemperance in a worker so fatal to his success as now. Every man who is wise keeps himself constantly in fighting trim for the contest. **** Drunkenness has gone out of vogue both as a fashionable and as a popular amusement. It is a habit in which only those whose health and life are valueless to themselves and to everybody else can afford to indulge.

The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. It cures by removing the cause. The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

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TROUBLE AHEAD.

HE.— So Jimmy gev yer a Christmas present, did he?

SHE.— Well, kin yer blame him?

HE.— No, I don't blame him; but when I see him I 'll slug him!